

Good Morning 455

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



I.O.M. is awaiting you, P.O. Alf Wells

IN the words of the song, "There's a Good Time Coming" for P.O. Alfred Wells, 22-year-old sports-loving lad, who intends making the Submarine Service his career.

His Mum and Dad—photographed in the garden at their home, 64 Derby Street, Sheffield, have not forgotten that when "this lot" is over they will keep their promise to have a month's holiday with Alf at the old favourite place—the Isle of Man. Remember those pre-war good times there, Alf?

Mum does, and says it will be worth a spot of seasickness to go over again with you, Alf. It seemed a coincidence, but the "Good Morning" reporter noticed that in Richards Road, just round the corner from Alf's home, the villas are called after I.O.M. beauty spots—Peel, Onchan, Soderick, etc.; so evidently somebody else liked the same spots!

Dad has not been well, but is recovering nicely, thank you, and looks as brown as a berry after sundry fishing excursions to—Saxilby, in Lincs, where he has almost "staked a claim" at a good spot on the river bank.

There's a picture of you on the sideboard, and Mum has put some forget-me-nots inside the frame. Friends get a "big kick" out of the "snaps" you have sent home of the lads.

Alf will always be remembered in Sheffield, and particularly at Heeley Bank School, for his sports exploits—good at everything. He played for the Sheffield boys' team in 1936—a big honour—

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

and Dad wears his Intermediate League medal on his watch-chain as a constant reminder.

All's well at home, Alf, and all send their fondest love. Good Hunting!

Tug had Steam up 50 years

(Says Howard Johns)

"It takes many things to make a world," is an old and true maxim. You have only to keep your ears and eyes open to see the many and varied tasks that have to be carried out.

Take, for instance, the Tower Bridge, which this year is celebrating its 50th birthday. Millions of people have passed over the "Gateway to London" during its fifty years, but how many have troubled to glance twice at the Tower Bridge Tug, which nestles near a buttress on the Middlesex side? Few, I wager, yet this tug is one of the most interesting in Britain.

When the City of London Corporation—who built the bridge at a cost of £1,500,000—first suggested constructing this great work of practical art, there were several objections. Some said that it would ruin the age-old outlook of the Tower of London. This point was overcome by making the bridge "blend" with the Tower. Then watermen objected on the grounds that it would interfere with their work and expose them to unnecessary dangers if their craft were to get into difficulties because of the bridge.

A clause in the Parliamentary Act of 1885 made it necessary for a tug, with steam up, to always be on the spot, and available night and day, to go to the assistance of any craft in trouble at the approaches to the Tower Bridge.

The men aboard this tug are sometimes called upon, but nothing like so often as it was anticipated fifty years ago. Altogether, it costs the City of London Corporation £70 a week for the upkeep of this "Rescue Tug"!

STUT - STUTTERING is a common (excuse me—I have just been talking to a whole roomful of stutters) complaint nowadays. War tension is causing many people, normally on the threshold of a speech impediment to become confirmed stutters.

If you want to see how it can be cured, just take a look at this man in his shirt sleeves, his tie pulled loose, reading from a book.

"Imagine an imaginary man" He sighs, and begins again. "Imagine an imaginary manager imagining managing an imaginary menagerie."

He stumbles through it, faltering here and there, but on the whole making a stutter-free attempt.

For the third time he sighs, and runs through a final test. "She stood on the balcony, inexplicably mimicking him hiccupping."

Teachers in this anti-stammering school are coping with some cases of kiddies who were blitted in 1941 just as they were learning to speak. Now they are about to go to school, and many of them have an impediment in their speech. Most of them stutter.

The teachers' theory is that stammering is caused by fright in infancy. Sometimes it is sudden fright, in other cases it is a slow fear brought on by bullying at school or at home causing an inferiority complex which manifests itself in speech.

As an instance, there is one street in London in which there were fifteen infants; nine of them became stutters within two and a half years. Fortunately all are now cured.

At most of the up-to-date anti-stuttering schools, run under the auspices of the bigger General Hospitals, two

Another strange but necessary job is performed by Mr. George Marshall aboard the tug "Tring," who operates upon the Grand Union Canal.

He draws, behind his powerful little craft, heavily-laden barges that sail BENEATH LONDON, through a three-quarter-mile-long tunnel that stretches from the City Road to Caledonian Road. Only seven inches above his head, and six inches on either side of his barges, separate George Marshall from the tunnel. But so sure and capable is he that no accident ever occurs.

Years ago, this tunnel—through which girl barges also travel—had to be overcome by the barges lying on their backs and "legging" their way through against the roof of the tunnel.

A strange tunnel this; it may be foggy inside while a hot, sunny summer day is outside. On the other hand, if a fog prevails outside, it might be clear in the tunnel. It all depends upon the way the wind is blowing.

Another strange job, carried out by several men, is the collecting of large numbers of spiders' webs. These are urgently required for use in delicate instruments.

One of the strangest of all ways of earning a living is the distinction held by a negro in the Middle West. He had the reputation of having a very sensitive nose. The locals used to say that if there was anything to be "smelt out" old Jed Hutson was the man for the job.

When the local gas company began to get worried over the large amount of gas that was

roads are taken towards curing war-time stutters.

The first includes muscular development. Patients are put on a rack-like apparatus in which the pull of weights above the body keeps the upper part of the chest, the diaphragm and the nerves of the throat in constant tension. After a few minutes of this treatment the patient is then taught to relax.

The second part of the treatment consists entirely in muscular relaxing.

"Relax—get rid of the cramp—that is the secret of curing stammering," one of the teachers told me. He put me in an easy chair as though I were a patient.

"I put them there and tell them to unclench their hands, spread their legs, be at ease. Some clench their teeth, and others have to kick out with their feet before they can get a consonant out without stumbling."

"All of them complain of an uncomfortable tenseness in the chest or stomach—it is just muscular."

"Then I tell them to sigh, to let the breath go out with a sound. There is no word more difficult to pronounce than just that one easy sigh!"

"Once they have got the habit of relaxing completely it is only a matter of building up self-confidence and ridding them of the fear of speaking."

Patients who can spare the time are advised to take up some job in which they have to meet a lot of strangers or where they have to tackle many



telephone conversations during the day's work.

These teachers believe that stammerers become hermits. They hate speaking to people, and this subconscious fear grows, so that their stammering becomes worse.

In bad cases stammerers are even advised to walk into a shop, inquire the price of some article, and then start an argument with the assistant by saying that they could get it cheaper elsewhere. This sort of conversation, where the mental strain is high, gives the stammerer a real test of nervous strength.

Kiddies at school are encouraged to catch the master's eye, so that they can be allowed to read aloud. It is found that many parents foolishly take the easy course of letting children stammer when they are talking at home. Alternatively, impatient parents tend to make their children feel foolish by correcting them in front of strangers.

Children, especially war-nerve cases, do not need the muscular treatment. The great thing is to relax their nerves. The sleep cure helps a lot. They are given very small doses of some beneficial sleep-inducing drug, such as Sedor-mid. There is no need to put them on the "rack" of the muscular development apparatus. They get a lot of outdoor treatment, and are encouraged to read aloud.

In many areas the local education authorities employ speech therapists, who co-operate with the Education Committee in drawing up a syllabus. The speech therapist also tours the schools, and in bad cases has private interviews with the stuttering kiddies, in the presence of their parents. Then, behind the scenes, she instructs the parents on special methods for use at home, so that during all its waking hours the child is guided along the right lines for stammer-free speech.

Doctors have discovered that stammering and stuttering are not incurable defects, nor do they show any inherent weakness. Stammering parents who have stammering children are rare, and in many very bad cases the children have been cured.

The old idea that a mild shock to the nervous system could cure the defect has now been disproved. The modern

idea is that if you relax and ease the tension on the subconscious mind you will soon stop stammering.

In your spare moments you can keep practising the "imaginary menagerie" test, and also some old favourites, such as "Susie stood on the sandy shore and saw the sinking steamer sink."

Home Town News

HOME AGAIN.

CORPL. F. J. PHILLIPS, R.A.P.C., of Hele, Torquay, had a big reception when he returned home as a repatriated prisoner of war.

His five children were at the station to meet him, so were the Mayor (Mr. E. H. Sermon) and two ex-Mayors.

The corporal's arrival at Hele was the signal for a concertina "orchestra," which played "For he's a jolly good fellow"—and how the village let themselves go on the chorus work!

SOGGY MAIL.

A BAG of mail from home destined for the crew of a U.S. naval ship lying in a S.W. port arrived on board in a somewhat soured condition.

The letters had been carried 200 miles in a Jeep which the driver left parked on the quay-side while he went to contact a ship's boat.

Meanwhile, a six-year-old boy, Brian Weatherall, with a playmate, Kathleen Webber, of the same age, invaded the Jeep on a tour of exploration, and Brian let off the hand-brake.

The Jeep, which stood on a slope, slid towards the edge of the quay and toppled into the water. Kathleen jumped off in time, but Brian accompanied the Jeep. Luckily he was thrown clear and floated to the surface, where he was grabbed by an N.F.S. man and an American sailor.

The Jeep was salvaged two hours later, with the mail, as aforesaid, rather on the soggy side.

CASH FROM ASHES REBUILDS FIVERS!

WITH delicate fingers the girl at the glass-topped desk undid a small canvas envelope and with a pair of jeweller's tweezers took out some charred fragments of paper.

For about ten minutes she studied the pieces carefully, moving them about like a jigsaw puzzle. At last she seemed satisfied. Out of a small phial she ran a few drops of golden-coloured liquid on to the plate of glass, and then carefully placed the charred pieces of paper in order on this liquid film.

Out of this seemingly hopeless jigsaw puzzle she assembled two bank notes! The charred pieces of paper were as delicate as a butterfly wing, but, reinforced by the golden liquid, she was able to build up an almost complete note.

THIS girl is one of the expert examiners of the Issue Office of the Bank of England. They are being kept busy as a result of money damaged in flying bomb incidents or mutilated through other war causes. These girls can identify bank-note paper even when badly burned. If it is known that many notes have been lost in a raid, salvage experts collect the tiny pieces and send them in air-tight containers to the Issue Office laboratory.

Here, the bank-note girls make cash from ashes and piece together fragments of burned money.

"The trouble is that people have too much money to burn," said Admiral L. Donaldson. "We estimate that £200,000,000 is being risked in this way in small sums. When accidents happen in the home and money is burned, or if there is a rocket bomb incident, then the Bank of England experts can, in some cases, reconstruct the damaged fragments."

During the worst of the blitz the Bank had forty girls busy all day examining claims for damaged or destroyed notes. Fewer are needed now, but there are far more claims than there need be.

Some arise from an American habit of tearing notes in half. A waiting taxi driver may be given one half and told he will get the other half when the hirer of the cab returns.

Similar mutilations occur on racecourses as an alleged precaution against "welshing" by bookmakers.

Shaking crumbs into the fire from a table cloth, and with them an overlooked note, has caused many claims.

Dogs, too, are a source of loss. A recent successful claim concerned fragments of notes recovered from a puppy by means of an emetic.

"We do the best we can with every claim," an official said. "It makes no difference whether it is for £1,000 or 10s. But we do wish people would be more careful with their money. Generally speaking, the less they have of it, the less care they take."

The Bank is anxious, too,

WANGLING WORDS—394

1. Put a writing material in THER and get a cogitator.
2. In the following weather proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Reefob venes veenel nair nife feerob.
3. In the following four flowers the same numbers stand for the same letters throughout. What are they? 52S4, 362L4T, 345B478, G85D4768.
4. Find the two hidden American States in: There's a lot of ore gone from this mine, but a heap more remains.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 393

1. Slavery.
2. A rolling stone gathers no moss.
3. Boar, Bear, Deer, Doe.
4. In-dia, I-ran, Ch-in-a.

(John Freemantle tells how)

important documents as well as money hoarded at home, take damaged fragments of wills, leases, legal agreements and other documents to the Bank in the hope that the Issue Office girls can reconstruct them.

Admiral Donaldson, official of the Trustee Bank, has to ensure that the girls' work is restricted only to the "proofing" of bank notes. As there are not more than a dozen experts in the country who can tackle this work with the necessary degree of skill, people who have money to burn can ease the situation by banking it and not keeping it at home in note form.

Until you sit at the glass-topped desks with these girl

experts and learn the stories of the strange ways in which money is mislaid, spoiled and burned, you could never believe that some people could be so careless with their cash. It is a lucky thing for these misguided folk that there are girls who can turn ashes back to cash.

Quinquere of Nineveh from distant Ophir, Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine, With a cargo of ivory, And apes and peacocks, Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine. John Masefield, "Cargoes."

Hair-pins, Police Whistles and Sardines

DO you want to know how . . . The needle got its eye?

The crinkle crept into the hair-pin? The prongs were wed to the fork?

It's a queer story. For if a Redditch pinmaker hadn't dreamed of the needle 200 years ago, perhaps we should be sewing with bent-headed pins—and if an Italian nobleman hadn't thought up the fork as a better instrument for spaghetti than knives or spoons, we might still be taking a grab off the roast with our hands.

The first Englishman to see the fork in use thought it a fad. "The reason for this curiosity," he wrote, "is because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers."

Hairpins were straight and always falling out, until Sam Goldberg, of Chicago, deliberately thought up a crinkle to stop the slip—and incidentally made himself more than £3,000,000.

Sardines didn't get into the tin until an American shipped fish in tins from Boston to Britain and retailed them at 2d. per lb. And to this day the biggest sardinery in the world is not in Portugal or Brittany, but at Blacks Harbour, New Brunswick, where the sardine squeeze is a million a day!

It was another American who put the rubber tip on the pencil end, not just for convenience, but because he wanted to get rid of some rubber. It was a careless workman in a Berkshire mill, however, who forgot to put in the sizing material, and so gave the world blotting paper for wiping up ink, instead of sand.

It was years before a French refugee introduced printed

wallpaper, and it was taken up as a novelty.

Nobody similarly thought of linoleum until Fred Walton mused on the way a skin formed over a pot of paint when exposed to the air. If Conrad Gesner, of Zurich, hadn't casually mentioned graphite as a writing material in a treatise on fossils, written in 1565, we might still be without pencils.

Then there might have been another gap in everyday life if Mr. Lewis, of Boston, hadn't invented the telephone booth by enclosing a café telephone in a store cupboard away from the music, or if Joe Hudson hadn't invented the police whistle. The U.S. Government promptly ordered 21,000, and to-day his grandsons are making 614 different patterns, excluding a new and wide range of klaxons and sirens.

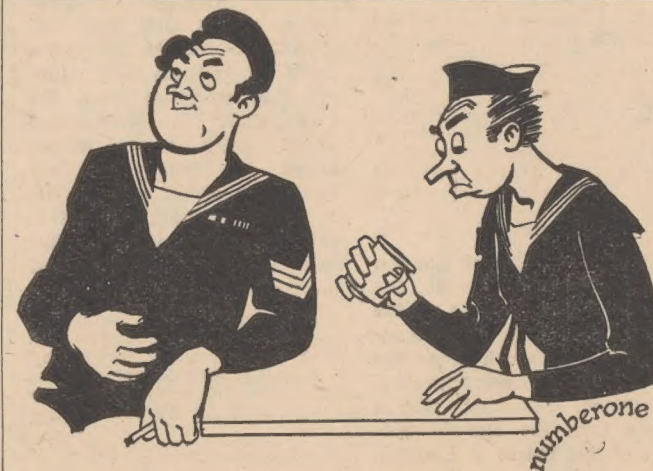
Cooling drinks sound obvious, and Solomon was wise enough

to cool his with handfuls of snow brought in stone pails from the mountains. Snow cooling, however, was loudly condemned as "voluptuous" when it was re-discovered around A.D. 1600. It took the French Court two centuries to get the idea into practice.

No one thought of the collar stud until an inventor began drawing royalties of £5,000 a year for life. No one was interested in rubber heels until Mr. Wood—ever heard of the gigantic Wood-Milne Rubber Co.?—began peddling his product from house to house.

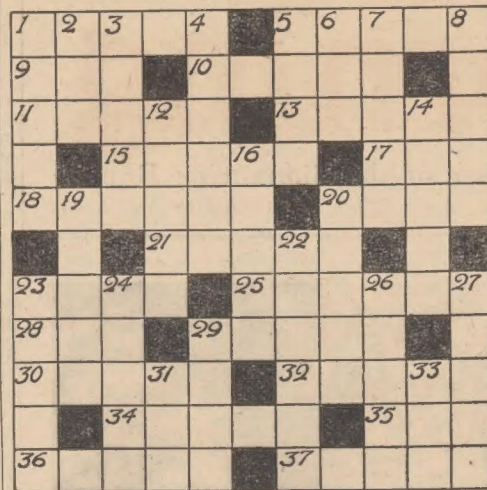
Even flag days had to be invented . . . and they're not as old as you think. Alderman Harry Walker, of Liverpool, claims to have begun them in 1914, and he has said since that the idea is played out and needs a new angle.

Time spins its full circle. And, as Henry Ford said,



"Sippers."

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Classify.
- 5 Reasoning.
- 9 Tennis shot.
- 10 Fragrance.
- 11 Expert.
- 13 Song fragment.
- 15 Polite.
- 17 Plant.
- 18 Lissom.
- 20 Coin.
- 21 Low wagon.
- 23 Dogs.
- 25 Mild.
- 28 Drink.
- 29 Girl's name.
- 30 Eye.
- 32 Sharp.
- 34 Cook.
- 35 Find fault.
- 36 Glided.
- Swiftly.
- 37 Ingress.

CASKET COAT
LINE ORACLE
ORIGIN VEER
U.F. SEPAM
DOFFS RANTS
W. OUTER I
GLARE FETCH
U. WEDGE H.O
SHAM ORMOLO
TIRADE IRIS
OPEN SEDATE

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Mirror.
- 2 Perch.
- 3 Fat.
- 4 Vegetable.
- 5 Be deprived of.
- 6 Extinguished.
- 7 Fruit.
- 8 Tightening-wedge.
- 12 Tugs.
- 14 Corrupt.
- 16 Brink.
- 19 Musical instrument.
- 20 Satirical one.
- 22 Tell.
- 23 Levers.
- 24 Unit of length.
- 26 Reproach.
- 27 Dirge.
- 29 Talk.
- 31 Catch.
- 33 Preservative.

"What's going to alter our lives is probably happening this minute in the mind of someone, somewhere, thinking by himself."

Does this mean you?

Ronald Garth

TO-DAY'S LAUGH

I WAS talking to my grandmother at the time, with a view to persuading her to join the A.T.S. (licensed department) purely as a spoke in this massive wheel of war industry, because she would be a very stout spoke indeed; her stays alone have been tested under pressure to the extent of one thousand pounds.

I asked her, in the course of conversation, what she thought of civilisation.

She agreed with me it was definitely a good idea, but suggested someone should start it.

To cover my confusion, I quickly changed the topic and started to talk about music, a subject I know nothing at all about, apart from standing up when I hear "The King" played.

Grandma said the sweetest music she had heard was "Roll out the barrel," and asked me if it had been taken from "An invitation to the Vaults."

QUIZ for today

1. Rosolio is a Shakespeare character, opera, drink made from raisins, card game, slimming medicine, tonic?
2. How many games can you think of which are played with billiard cues?
3. What King of England was surnamed Lackland?
4. What are (a) Shepherd's Crowns, (b) St. Hilda's Serpents, (c) Devil's Toenails?
5. What strait separates Corsica from Sardinia?
6. All the following are real words except one. Which is it? Paradigm, Parados, Paradine, Paradox, Paradise.

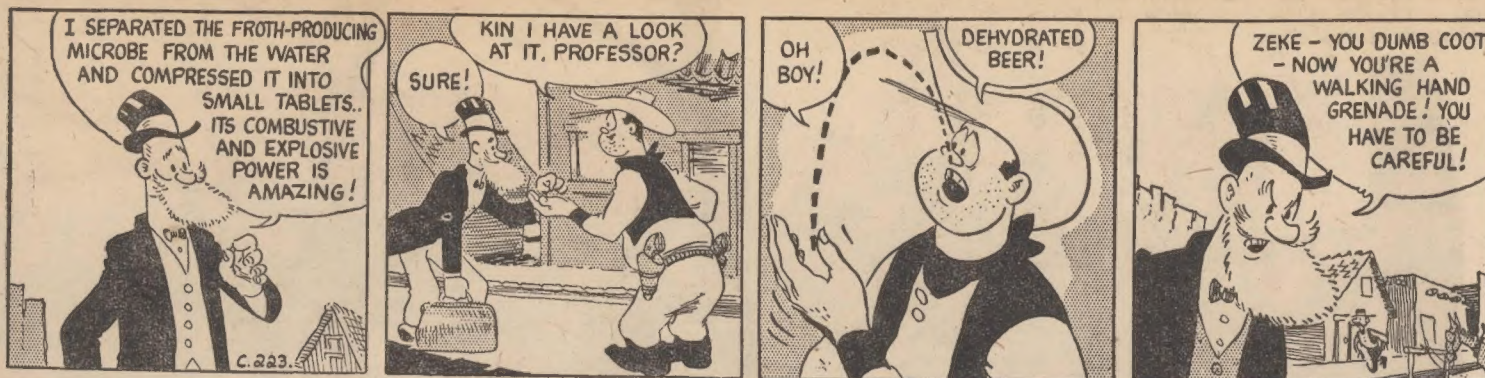
Answers to Quiz in No. 454

1. Dewy.
2. Quebec, Queenstown, Quetta, Quimper, Quito, Quorn.
3. Watch.
4. Canute, A.D. 1016.
5. Billiard cues and pool balls, excluding the "colours."
6. Lemmor.

JANE



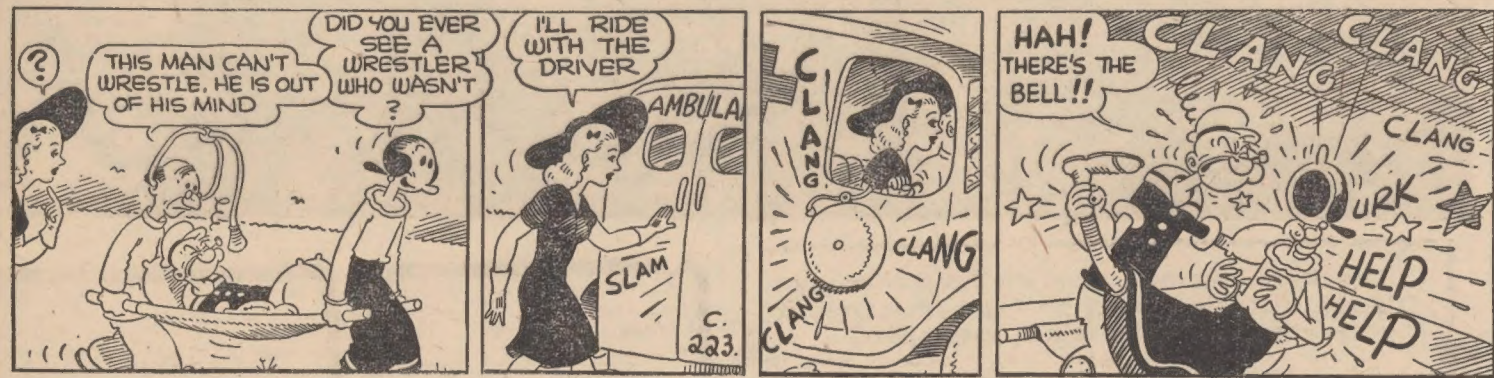
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



THROWN INTO A RETROSPECTIVE TRANCE BY THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTIC RAY, GARTH TRAVELS BACK FIFTEEN CENTURIES — IN MEMORY



JUST JAKE



THERE have been letters to "The Times" and workers even have discussed in pubs the situation of a herd of cows that is being inconvenienced by the war.

The only portion of the British Isles upon which the Nazi has set foot, the Channel Islands, lies between the Cherbourg peninsula, now fully liberated, and Brittany, largely liberated. The islands themselves have had four years of enemy occupation.

Overnight these pleasant islands, thriving upon intensive agriculture and holiday traffic became outposts of the *Festung Europa*. New roads have been made, railways constructed, the airports on Jersey and Guernsey have been enlarged, buildings around the coast demolished, beaches mined, and all the paraphernalia of defence have been applied.

But that isn't the point. The Alderney Herd has been disorganised, so people are getting upperty about it.

Sixty thousand inhabitants remained in the islands when the enemy occupied them. Two thousand of these have been deported to Germany. Another thirty thousand came to England. Ten thousand of these are in the fighting Services—the highest proportion of any population fighting on either side of the war, incidentally.

BUT, as I said, that's not the point: it's the cows that are causing the bother.

One "Times" letter-writer says: "The small, almost fawnlike 'Alderney' flourishes best in her own island air and on her own homeland pastures. The replantation of 'the Alderney' in Alderney is as important as the replantation of the people."

"It is a matter of concern to breeders at home and abroad wherever there are proud owners of these charming and most valuable little cattle. We islanders are ready to tackle with confidence and energy the rebuilding of our island home; but in the matter of 'the herd' we appeal to the interest, and to the self interest, of breeders the world over."

You see what I mean, don't you?

PEEBLES is making a noble experiment in local government. The Town Council has added its own activities to the senior curriculum of the High School, and, judging from first reports, the experiment is likely to be a success. There is a decided favourable reaction from the lucky pupils who were present at the last Council meeting.

After being welcomed by the senior Bailie, the various functions of the different officers of the Council were explained lucidly by Town Clerk J. W. Buchan, probably one of the best-informed men occupying such a post in the Lothians.

The Town Clerk's interesting lecture on the many offices and obligations of the Council has apparently made a big impression on the senior school, as there have been inquiries as to the prospects of attending the next meeting.

Possibly a Junior Town Council may be the outcome.

A PUBLICAN who had got around quite a bit was buried recently at the Roman Catholic Church at Streatham Park.

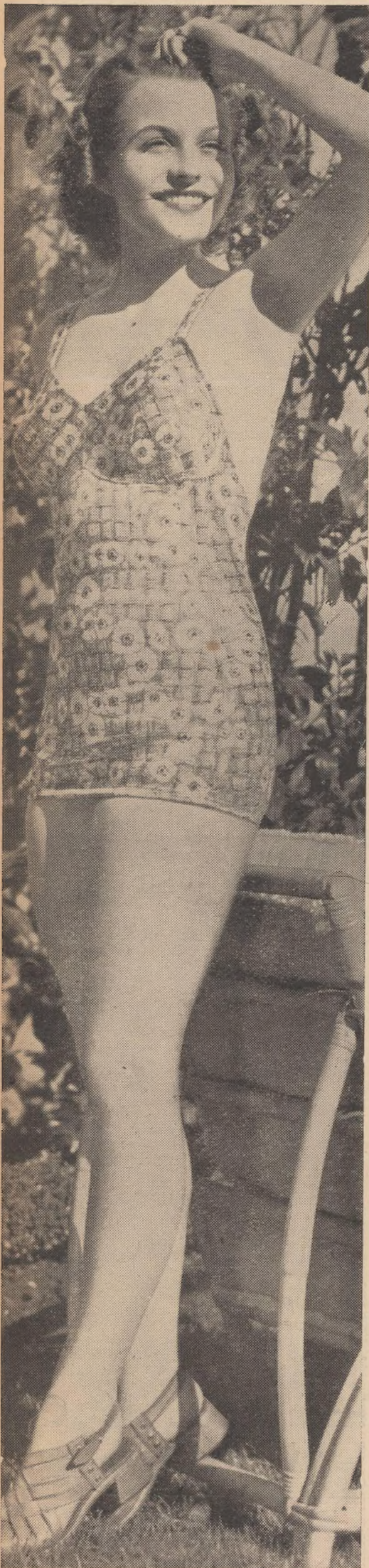
Jack Carroll was the publican; his most recent pub was the "Lord Nelson," Copenhagen Street, North London. He'd been there seven years, and was previously sixteen years at the "Olive Branch," Waterloo Road. He also held the licences of the "White Swan," Deptford, and the "Ironmongers' Arms," Isle of Dogs.

He was a good guy, old Jack, associated with the trade for about forty years. He was noted for his benevolent activities.

An epicure dining at Crewe,
Found quite a large mouse in his stew.
Said the waiter, "Don't shout
And wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting one, too."

Ron Richards

Winter sunshine on the River Weir. The Prebend's Bridge, at Durham, considered one of the most beautiful in England, connects the peninsular on which the cathedral and castle stand with the mainland part of the city.



Paramount star Betty Field does the odd bit of thorax stretching in the odd bit of Californian sunshine.

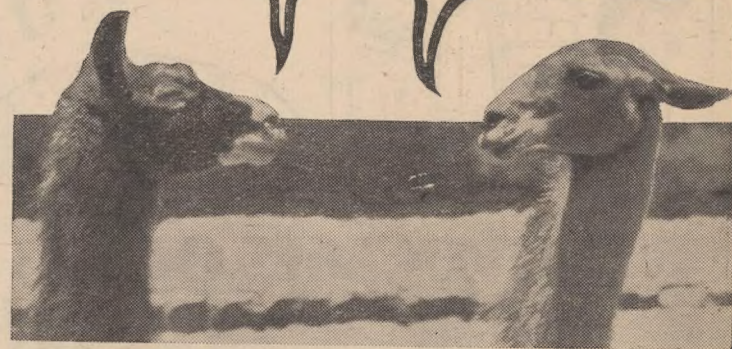


"The chromatic scale offers me little difficulty; it's the diatonic quality that snookers me, if you'll pardon the mixed metaphor."



"Ten years, man and boy, I've been here, and still I lament my long-lost highlands of Peru."

"Aw! Quit talking you was like a long-lost Inca or somp'n!"



"C'mon, cat, let's make friends."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I suspect that approach."

